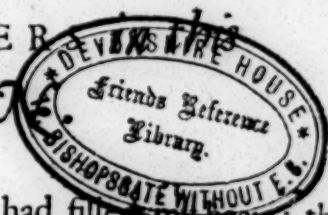


*A WORD of PITY to the PROPHANE
and to the UNRULY RULER
GENERATION*



OH People! when on your behalfs sorrow had filled ~~my heart~~; the Word was unto me, Write: And, what shall I write? God hath pitied, God hath spared you till many thousands of you have sinned out the Day of your Visitation; and now there is no Remedy. In your unspeakable wickedness you have out-done the former Generations, and the mighty God of irresistible Power is suddenly to plead with you.

Oh! Is there no room among you to receive his Testimony, who hath felt the Wrath of God, revealed against the Man of Sin, in his own particular? who would now cry out among you in the ardour of his Soul, *Repent, Repent, yet Repent*, before ye be cut off: For, this I declare unto you, in the Name, and Authority of the Living God, and from a measure of his Counsel opened in me, That a shorter Day hath rarely remained to any Generation, than the little breathing that is now allowed you; And neither Hills nor Mountains, Corners nor secret Chambers, shall be able to hide any this day from the Wrath of the Lamb: wherefore come down, come down; you high ones, come forth, come forth, you covered and not with the Spirit; all People come forth quickly to this bright Day of God.

Oh! hear, fear, and tremble, you tall, you sturdy Oaks: for he who is God over all, will level you with the Earth: Lo, I have seen the dreadful Day that is to be revealed upon you. A Fire shall enter into your Bowels, and burn, and there shall be no remedy; yea, a Day of blasting, and mildew; scattering, scattering, scattering, saith the Lord God of Hosts, shall enter among the Heathen; a Day of my Vengeance, and Fury, and my Recompence upon them, saith the mighty God. They have scattered my Heritage, and slain my living Witness in them, which called them to Repentance. And now, who will stand up and plead? Though my Servants should, them would I justify, yet I would not hear, for the Day of my Vengeance is in my heart, and the Year of my Redeemed is come, wherein I will render Fury to my Adversaries, Recompence to my Enemies, that I may save my afflicted People, that the springing Tree may grow, (known in my Beloved to be the Tree of Life) and bear Leaves and Fruit; whose Leaves shall heal the Nations, and its Fruit shall be Food to my Children. Then hinder this if you can, ye swarms of Locusts, now crawling up from the Pit, to devour our Harvest. But lo! you shall not; for, a Wind from the Lord shall drive you away.

Oh! hear you Rulers of the Nations, (for, and through whom, a mighty Burden hath been upon me) forasmuch as your wickedness is now beyond utterance. This is the Message I am to declare unto you; *That He, who is wonderful in Counsel, and excellent in Working, is arising in his Power, to raze your Foundation; And your Day shall be short, your End shall be notable, and the shame of your Fall shall triple the glory of your Rising; you shall leave your Houses desolate, and you Widows shall mourn.*

This is the Word and Testimony that wrought in me mightily the seventeenth day of the tenth Moneth, 1662. even in me, who am in Peace with God, and called of men,

Andrew Robeson.